And plead my passions for *Lauinias* loue. (peace.
Moore. Clubs, Clubs, these louers will not keepe the
Demetrius. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
till you know better how to handle it.
Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Demetrius. I boy, grow yee so braue? *they drawe.*
Moore. VVhy how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours Pallace dare yee drawe,
And maintaine such a quarrell openlie?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
the cause were knowne to them it most concernes,
Nor would your Noble Mother for much more,
Be so dishonoured in the Court of Rome.
For shame put vp.
Demetrius. Not I till I haue sheathd,
My Rapier in his bosome, and withall
thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
that he hath breathd in my dishonour here.
Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full resolude,
Fowle spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darst performe.
Moore. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
this pettie brabble will vndoo vs all:
VVhy Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
VVhat is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bascianus* so degenerate,
that for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
VVithout controulement, iustice, or reuenge.

Young

Young Lords beware,
This discords ground,
Chiron. I care not I,
I loue *Lauinia* more tha
Demetrius. Yongling
Lauinia is thine elder b
Moore. VVhy are ye
How furious and impat
And cannot brooke con
I tell you Lords, you do
By this deuise.
Chiron. *Aron*, A tho
to atchiue her whom I lo
Aron. To atchiue her
Demetrius. VVhy
Shee is a woman, therefo
Shee is a woman, therefo
Shee is *Lauinia*, therefor
VVhat man, more water
Than wots the Miller of
Of a cut loafe to steale
Though *Bascianus* be th
Better than he haue wor
Moore. I and as good
Demetrius. Then why
VVith words, faire look
VVhat hast not thou fu
And borne her cleanlie b
Moore. VVhy then it s
VVould serue your turne
Chiron. I so the turne
Demetrius. *Aron* thou
Moore. VVould you
Then should not we be
VVhy harke ye, harke ye